



WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



INCORPORATING  
YELLOWJACKET  
COMICS

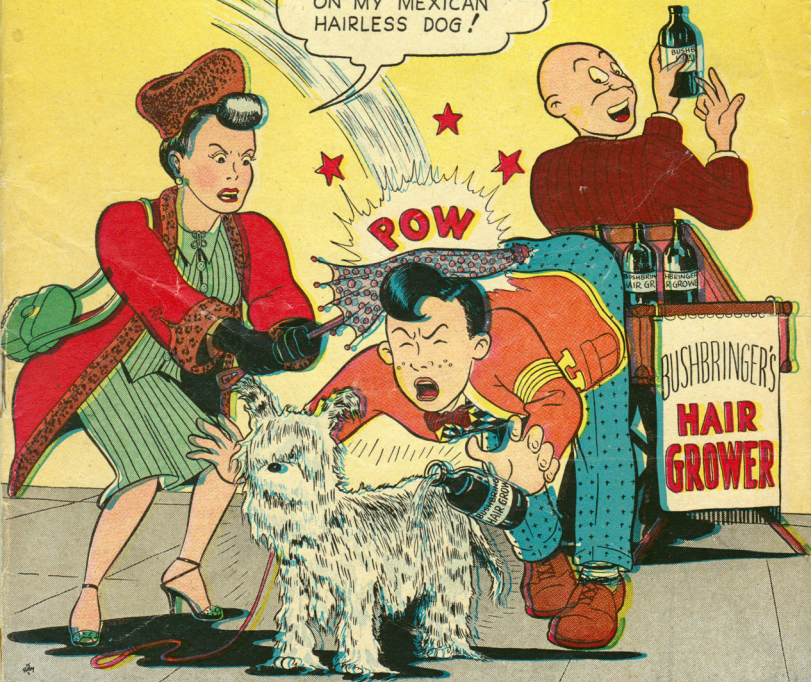
in  
the

# JACK in the BOX COMICS

No.14

10¢

HOW DARE YOU USE  
THAT HAIR GROWER—!  
ON MY MEXICAN  
HAIRLESS DOG!





# THERE'S TIME FOR EVERYTHING

## (HOW TO RAISE MONEY)

Billy and his friend Tom were standing on the sidewalk outside of Billy's house one afternoon. It was just two days before the school prom and Billy was still without the ten dollars that would cover the cost of the flowers for his girl Sarah Jane and other expenses for the evening. On top of that he didn't know where he could get it either. His father had told him that he wasn't going to give him another penny, that he was spending too much money as it was and that if he wanted to go to the dance he should have thought about it before and saved enough money from his allowance.

"Good gosh, Tommy, I'm stuck. Where can I raise ten bucks before Saturday?"

"I don't know, Billy, I wish I could let you have some money but I just barely got enough for myself. Why don't you try your father once more?"

Billy shook his head. "No dice. He wouldn't give me a cent if I hocked my very life away ... That's it!"

"What's it?"

"I'll hock something. I can take something from the house that nobody will miss and get it down to Joe's pawn shop in town, borrow some money on it and then pay the money back each week from my allowance."

"I don't know, Billy. That doesn't seem right to me. Suppose you get caught?"

"Look, I've got to take the chance. If I don't take Sarah Jane to that dance in real style with flowers and everything, we'll be through. Come on inside with me and we'll look around the attic."

The two of them went into Billy's house shouting a greeting to Billy's mother who was busy in the kitchen. They went upstairs to the attic as quietly as possible.

"Try and be quiet, Tommy. Now, let me see. There should be something up here that's worth a couple of dollars."

The two of them started rummaging around among old shoes, tennis rackets, old clothing, trunks, valises, boxes and finally they came upon an old clock. It was an interesting looking piece, being about two feet high and a foot wide. The clock was set in hand-carved wood and had all the earmarks of an antique.

"Just what the doctor ordered," said Billy as he blew the dust from it. "I'll bet Joe will give me ten bucks easy for this. My folks don't even know they have this anymore. I'll bet I could sell it outright and they'd never miss it. After all the thing doesn't run."

"Well, let's go, Billy, this attic is too stuffy for me and my back is so cramped from bending over that I feel like the hunchback of Notre Dame."

"Okay. I'll carry this and you walk down ahead of me to see that the coast is clear."

The two of them tip-toed down the stairs and out of the house without Billy's mother knowing anything about it. Then they set out for town.

\* \* \*

Billy's father, Sam Carter, was in the construction business. At the moment he was in town, at his office and doing a lot of worrying. It seemed that there was a Mr. Fredericks who was going to do a lot of building in the town and Mr. Carter naturally had wanted the contract but he couldn't ever get to see Mr. Fredericks. The once he had spoken to him on the phone, Mr. Fredericks had told him he was going to give his work to Mr. Carter's competing firm and there was nothing that would change his mind.

Mr. Carter was explaining all this to his secretary.

"He wouldn't even give me a chance to explain how much less and better I could do the job for him. I've got some terrific ideas for his project and he wouldn't even let me tell him about them. Started speaking to me about old clocks and how they were his hobby. I think the man's lunatic."

Mr. Carter was chewing on his cigar and getting angrier by the second.

"If George Davis gets this contract I won't be able to show my face at the club. Blast that Fredericks anyway."

\* \* \*

While Mr. Carter was letting off steam about Mr. Fredericks this same individual was walking through the town along Main Street. He didn't seem too interested in what he was passing or who he was passing as he walked briskly along. All of a sudden he bumped into someone and heard a voice say, "Hey, look where you're going. You almost made me drop this clock."

At the word clock, Mr. Fredericks looked up.

"Did you say clock, young man?"

"This isn't a sun-dial I'm carrying." As you might have supposed it was Billy and Tommy on their way to the pawn shop.

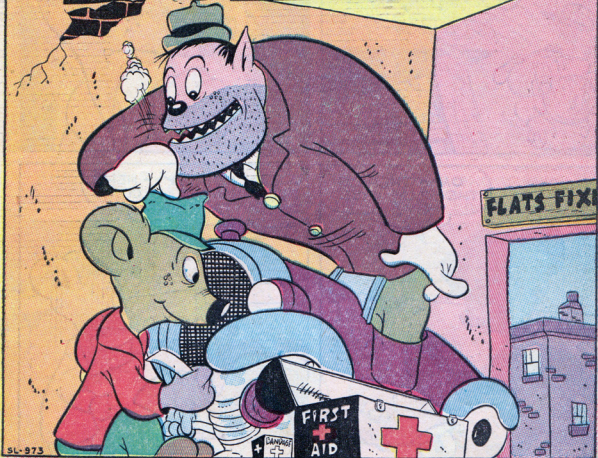
"Yes, yes I see. That's a wonderful clock. A real antique. Just what I've been looking for to complete my collection. Do you want to sell it?"

Billy and Tommy looked at each other.

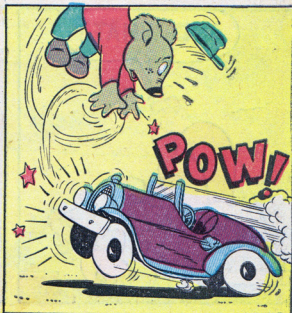
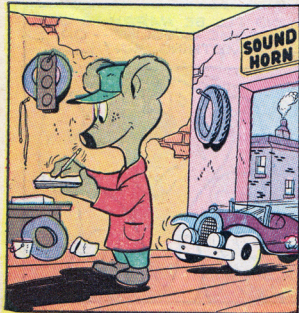
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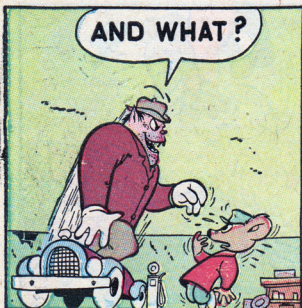
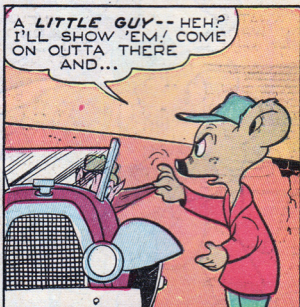
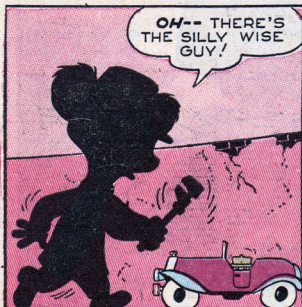
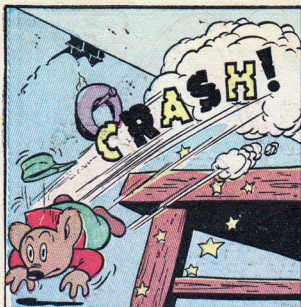
# BUZZY



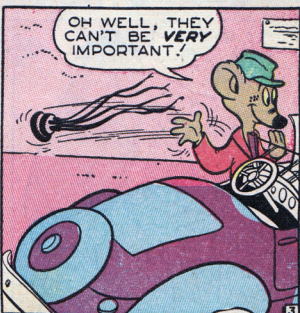
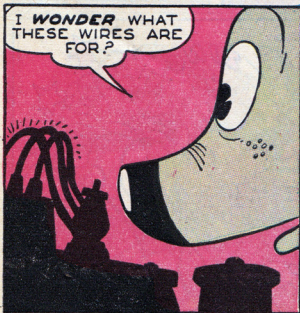
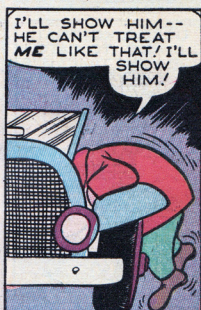
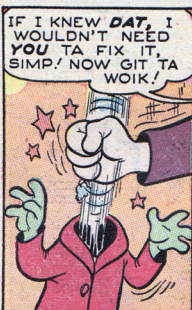
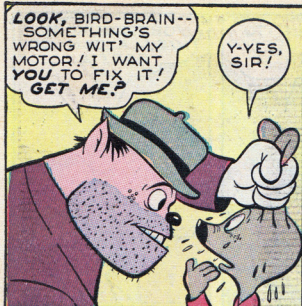
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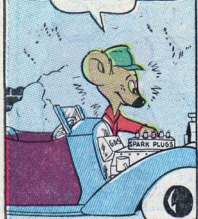




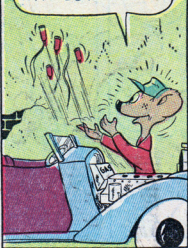




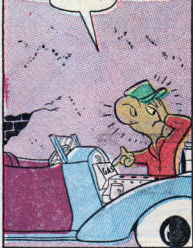
I WONDER WHAT *THESE* THINGS ARE FOR? SPARK PLUGS! I NEVER HEARD OF THEM!



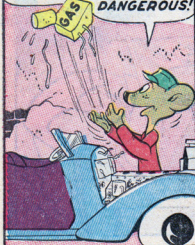
I'LL BE ABLE TO WORK MUCH BETTER WITHOUT THEM!



JUST LOOK AT *THIS!* A CAN OF GAS!



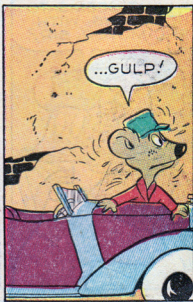
A THING LIKE THAT IS LIABLE TO CATCH FIRE SOMETIME! IT'S **DANGEROUS!**



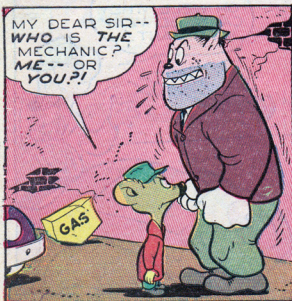
HEY, PIN-HEAD! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF TOSSING EVERYTHING OUT OF THE MOTOR?



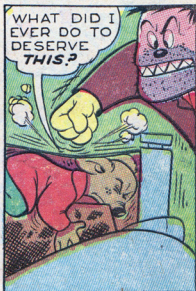
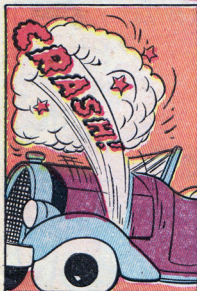
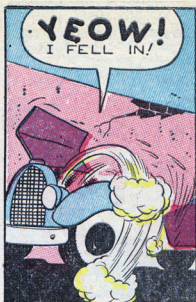
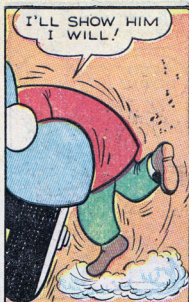
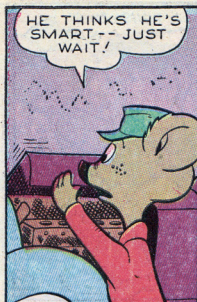
...GULP!



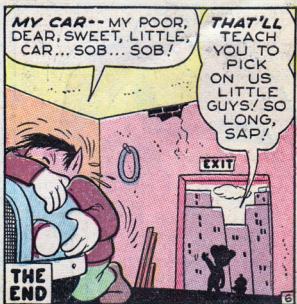
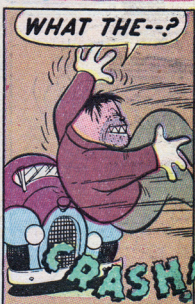
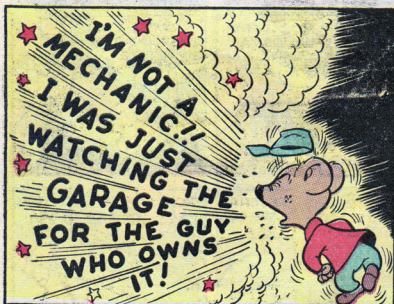
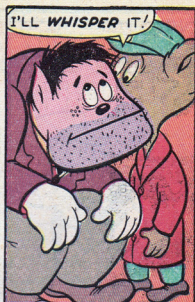
MY DEAR SIR-- WHO IS THE MECHANIC? ME-- OR YOU?!













# ARE THERE SEA SERPENT MONSTERS

??



BOB SANDERS

DO SEA SERPENTS EXIST? RECENTLY TWO MONKS, SIX BROTHERS AND THREE SCHOOL BOYS REPORTED VIEWING ONE OFF LOCH NESS, SCOTLAND.



SEVERAL REPORTS OF SEA MONSTERS HAVE COME FROM THE NORTH SEA AREA.



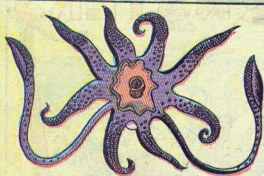
A SEA SERPENT, MAYBE AN ICHTHYOSAURUS, FROM REMOTE AGES... THERE IS SOMETHING IN LOCH NESS LIVING NOT LISTED... ACCORDING TO THE LONDON "POST".

HENRY STOMMEL IN "SCIENCE OF THE SEVEN SEAS" SAYS REPORTS OF SEA SERPENTS MAY BE DUE TO 'BENDING OF LIGHT', WHICH DISTORTS OBJECTS. AIR HAS DIFFERENT DENSITIES, LIGHT IS REFRACTED.

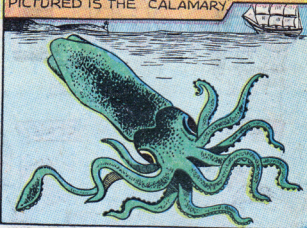




KING SVERRE OF NORWAY, 1180 A.D. SPEAKS OF THE 'KRAKEN' SEA MONSTER-- PERHAPS A SPECIES OF CUTTLE FISH.



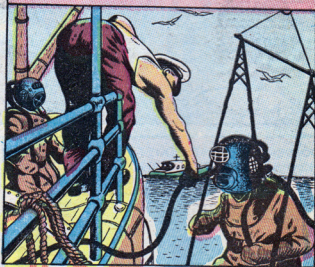
SINCE EARLIEST TIMES, GIANT SEA MONSTERS HAVE BEEN REPORTED.... PICTURED IS THE "CALAMARY"



ARISTOTLE, B.C. 340, MENTIONED MONSTERS OFF LIBYA, AFRICAN COAST.

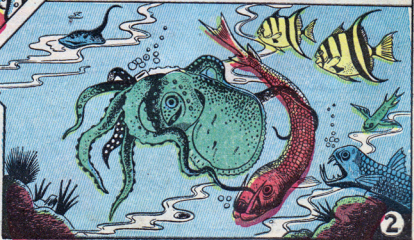


SCIENTISTS KEEP INVESTIGATING WATERY REGIONS WHERE SEA MONSTERS ARE REPORTED.



SOMEWHERE IN THE DEEP MAY LURK SNAKE-LIKE LIZARDS FROM REMOTE TIMES. SOME SERIOUS-MINDED THINK SO!

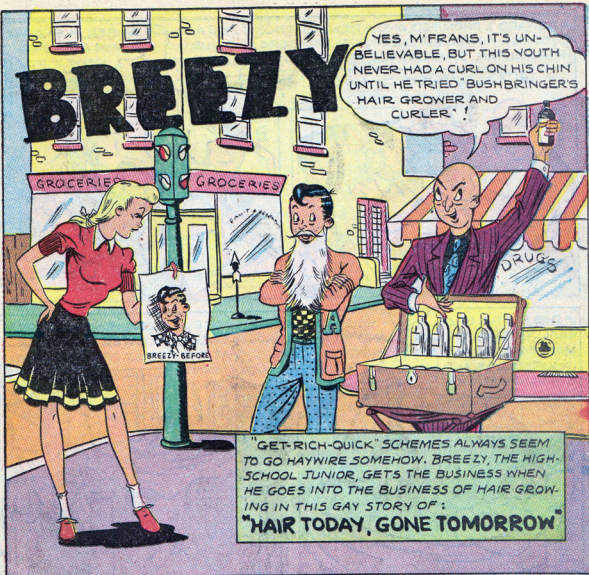
BEEBE, AND THOSE WHO EXPLORE THE SEA BOTTOMS, WILL SOME DAY FIND THE ANSWERS. DID TWO CAPTAINS OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT SEE MONSTERS THIRTY FEET LONG?





# BREEZY

YES, M'FRANS, IT'S UNBELIEVABLE, BUT THIS YOUTH NEVER HAD A CURL ON HIS CHIN UNTIL HE TRIED "BUSHBRINGER'S HAIR GROWER AND CURLER"!



"GET-RICH-QUICK" SCHEMES ALWAYS SEEM TO GO HAYWIRE SOMEHOW. BREEZY, THE HIGH-SCHOOL JUNIOR, GETS THE BUSINESS WHEN HE GOES INTO THE BUSINESS OF HAIR GROWING IN THIS GAY STORY OF:  
**"HAIR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW"**

HOW LONG DO I HAVE TO STAND LIKE THIS, MISTER?

JUST UNTIL A CROWD OF SUCKERS GATHERS, M'BOY. THEN I'LL REWARD YOU HANDSOMELY!

BREEZY, I DON'T KNOW WHY I HUMOR YOU BY DOING MORONIC STUNTS LIKE THIS!

TUT-TUT-SWEET-HEART, A FEW DELICIOUS DOLLARS CAN BUY US A LOT OF FUN!





A REWARD I PROMISED, AND A REWARD IT IS, SONNY. A FREE BOTTLE OF BUSHBRINGER'S HAIR HELPER. SOME DAY YOU WILL NEED IT!

O-O-O-OH, NO! NO!  
HE--WE--NEED MONEY!

YOU AND  
YOUR  
BRIGHT  
IDEAS!

GINGER, PLEASE WAIT.  
I HAVE A BRIGHT  
IDEA.

IF THIS BOTTLE BILGE  
REALLY WORKS, WE CAN  
MANUFACTURE AND SELL  
IT OURSELVES AND MAKE  
A MILLION BUCKS!

HM-M--COULD BE!  
AND YOUR POP SNOOZ-  
ING OVER YONDER  
LOOKS LIKE A GUINEA  
PIG!

YOU RUN ALONG HOME AND DROP  
BACK HERE LATER FOR A PEEK  
AT THE RESULT OF OUR EXPERI-  
MENT!

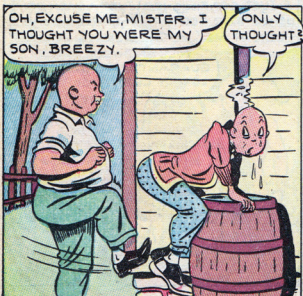
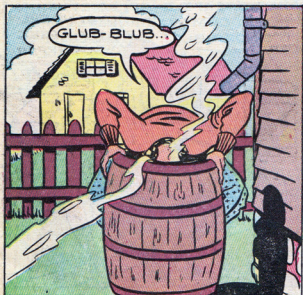
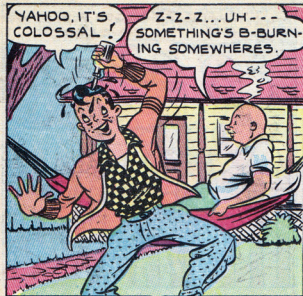
ROGER!

NOW I KNOW EXACTLY HOW  
THE WRIGHT BROTHERS,  
PASTEUR AND LISTER FELT!

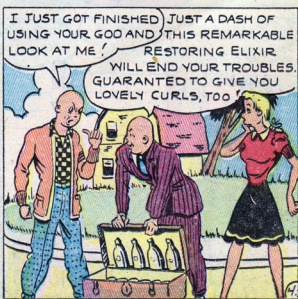
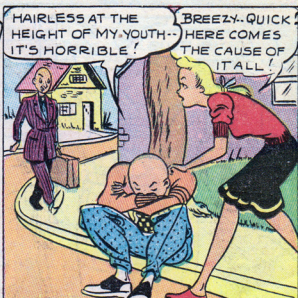
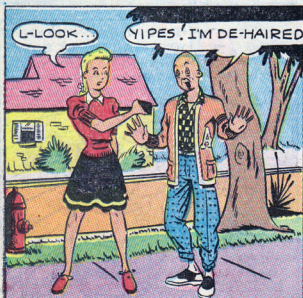
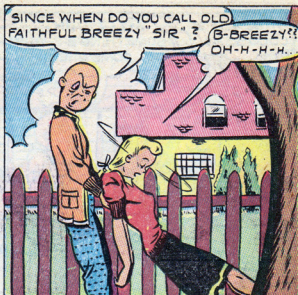
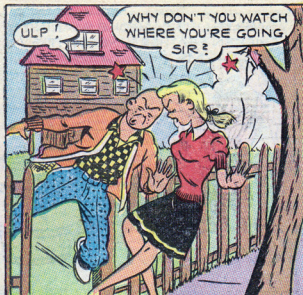
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

HUH? IT WORKS!

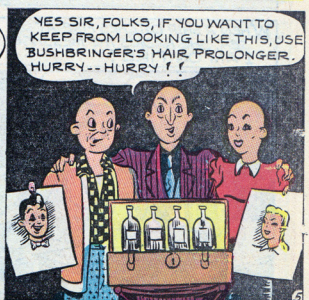
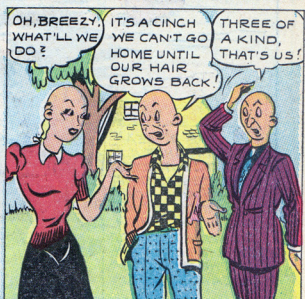
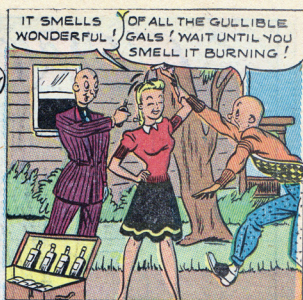
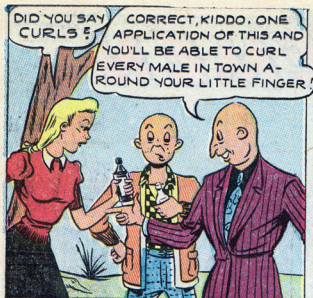




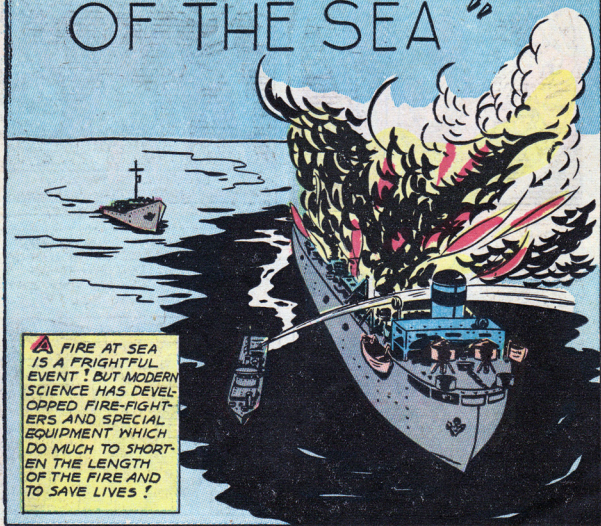








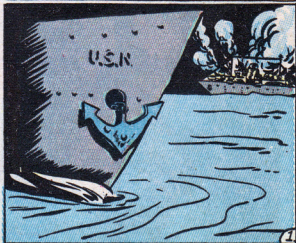
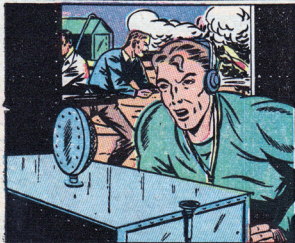
# "FIREMEN OF THE SEA"



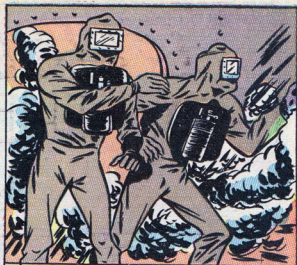
**A** FIRE AT SEA IS A FRIGHTFUL EVENT! BUT MODERN SCIENCE HAS DEVELOPPED FIRE-FIGHTERS AND SPECIAL EQUIPMENT WHICH DO MUCH TO SHORTEN THE LENGTH OF THE FIRE AND TO SAVE LIVES!

**W**HEN A SHIP CATCHES FIRE AT SEA, SHE RADIOS THE MESSAGE, "I AM ON FIRE."

**T**HE NEAREST VESSEL PICKING UP THE MESSAGE CHANGES COURSE AND STANDS DOWN TO THE BURNING CRAFT!







AND A SPECIALLY TRAINED AND EQUIPPED SQUAD OF FIRE-FIGHTERS RUN ABOARD THE BURNING SHIP!

DOWN A HATCHWAY, FIGHTING FIRE IN THE HOLD.....



DRESSED IN ASBESTOS SUITS AND SPECIALLY TRAINED IN THE USE OF NEW CHEMICAL FIRE-FIGHTING APPARATUS, THESE MEN SOON GET A FIRE UNDER CONTROL!



AND, ABOARD AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER, MEN LIKE THIS ONE WAIT FOR A PLANE TO CRASH!



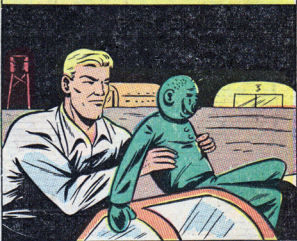
PLANE HAS CRASHED BUT SPECIALLY EQUIPPED FIRE-FIGHTERS ARE CLOSING IN!



**THE PILOT CRAWLS TO SAFETY AS  
THE FIRE-FIGHTERS CLOSE IN !**



**AND, ON LAND, FIRE-FIGHTERS  
ARE ALWAYS PRACTICING WITH  
NEW EQUIPMENT.**



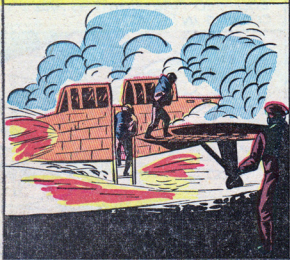
**FIRE HAS BEEN STARTED AND  
FIREMEN CLOSE IN LAYING DOWN  
A CHEMICAL FOG !**



**SECONDS COUNT WHEN A PILOT  
IS TO BE RESCUED FROM A  
BURNING COCKPIT !**



**TWO MEN HAVE REACHED THE  
PLANE !**



**DUMMY IS REMOVED. LATER, IN  
ACTION, IT WILL MEAN A LIFE  
SAVED !**



# THE STORY OF SIR PERCEVAL THE PURE



AT FIRST SIR PERCEVAL THE PURE WAS THE BUTT OF MANY JOKES, BUT HE SOON TAUGHT THE JOKERS THAT IT'S NOT ALWAYS HEALTHY TO LAUGH AT A MAN BECAUSE HE'S DIFFERENT.

SIR PERCEVAL WAS BROUGHT UP BY HIS MOTHER. THEY WERE VERY POOR, AND LIVED IN THE WOODS WHERE PERCEVAL BECAME AN UNERRING MARKSMAN IN THROWING THE SPEAR.



GOT HIM!

FINE, SON. SOON I THINK IT WILL BE TIME FOR YOU TO GO TO COURT. CERTAINLY YOU BELONG THERE.

COURT, MOTHER? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

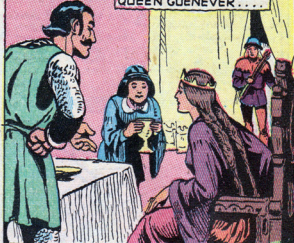
KING ARTHUR'S COURT. AT FIRST, BECAUSE YOUR TWO BROTHERS WERE KILLED IN BATTLE, I THOUGHT TO PROTECT YOU BY KEEPING YOU IN IGNORANCE OF THE WORLD. I SEE NOW THAT WAS WRONG. TOMORROW YOU MUST GO TO COURT AND BECOME A KNIGHT.



THE NEXT MORNING PERCEVAL ARRIVES AT COURT AND IS RECEIVED BY LAUGHTER AND ABUSE....



PERCEVAL SUDDENLY SEES A BRUTAL KNIGHT WHO HAS DECIDED TO INSULT QUEEN GUENEVER....



THE BRUTAL KNIGHT DELIBERATELY KNOCKS THE GOBLET OF WINE INTO THE QUEEN'S LAP!



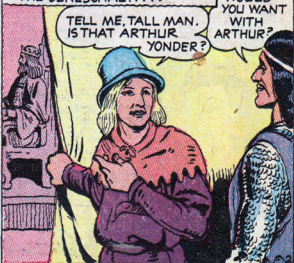
NOW IF ANY OF YOU HAVE THE BOLDNESS TO AVENGE THIS INSULT TO GUENEVER, LET HIM FOLLOW ME TO THE MEADOW!



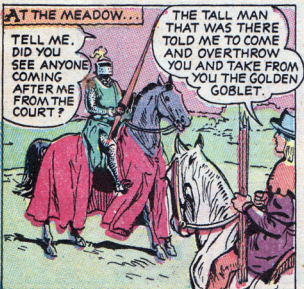
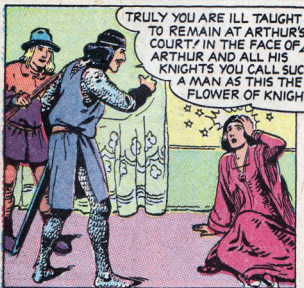
ARTHUR'S COURT DIDN'T BELIEVE THAT SUCH A THING COULD HAPPEN UNLESS THE BRUTAL KNIGHT WAS A WIZARD IN DISGUISE. IF HE HADN'T HAPPENED TO BE A WIZARD, EVERYONE KNEW HE COULDN'T BE KILLED. NO ONE DID ANYTHING ABOUT IT. BUT PERCEVAL DIDN'T KNOW WHAT A WIZARD WAS...



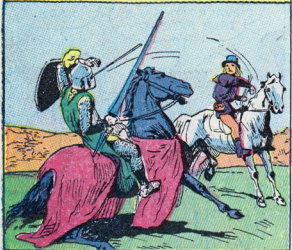
PERCEVAL QUESTIONS SIR KAY THE SENESCHAL....



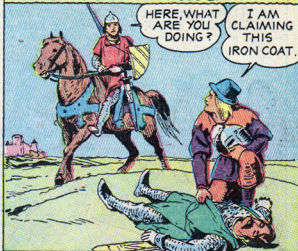




**PERCEVAL KILLS THE BRUTAL KNIGHT WITH HIS SHARPENED STICKS.**

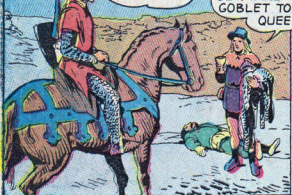


**PERCEVAL CLAIMS THE BRUTAL KNIGHT'S ARMOR AS SIR OWAIN RIDES UP. . . . .**



TAKE THE ARMOR, MY GOOD SOUL, BUT COME WITH ME TO ARTHUR TO RECEIVE THE ORDER OF KNIGHTHOOD. FOR YOU DESERVE IT!

I WILL NOT GO TO COURT UNTIL I HAVE ENCOUNTERED THE TALL MAN! BUT, TAKE THE GOBLET TO THE QUEEN.



**A SHORT WHILE LATER KING ARTHUR SCOURS THE COUNTRY FOR PERCEVAL.**

I WONDER WHERE THAT MAN WENT. HE ALONE AVENGED THE INSULT TO GUENEVER.

HE PROBABLY WENT BACK TO HIS HUT IN THE WOODS.



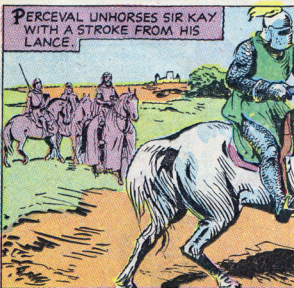
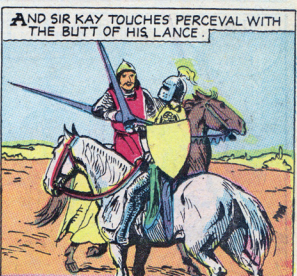
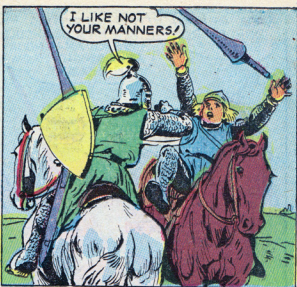
MIGHT YOU KNOW WHO THAT KNIGHT IS WHO STANDS BY THE BROOK?

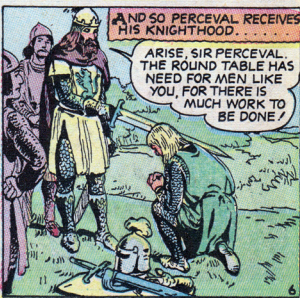
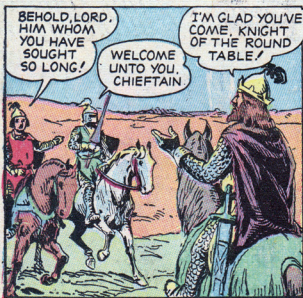
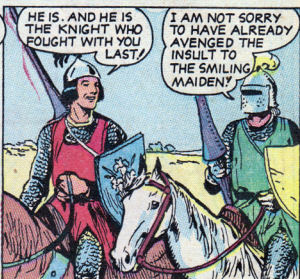
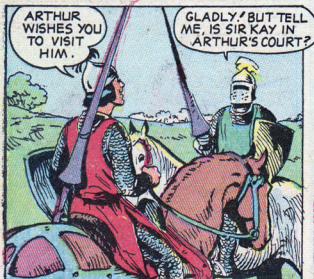
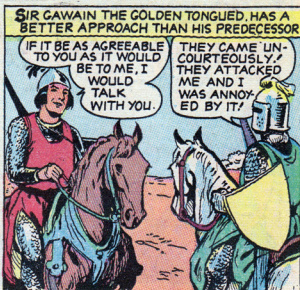
LORD, I WILL GO AND LEARN WHO HE IS.





THE BRASH YOUNG KNIGHT TOUCHES  
PERCEVAL WITH THE BUTT OF HIS LANCE

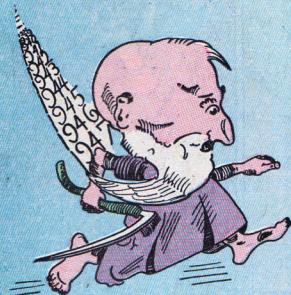




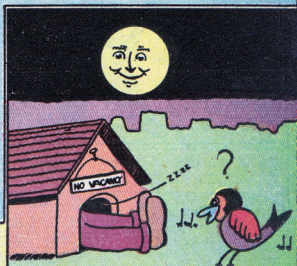


# DID YOU KNOW?

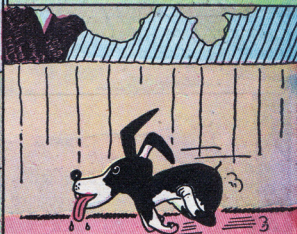
THAT THE IMPLEMENT ALWAYS CARRIED  
BY FATHER TIME IS...  
**A SCYTHE!**



THAT ACCORDING TO MEDICAL  
AUTHORITIES APPLYING BEEFSTEAK  
TO A BLACK EYE **WILL NOT**  
HELP THE EYE?



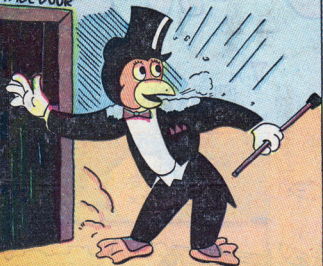
THAT THE FACE OF THE MAN IN  
THE MOON IS FORMED BY THE  
SHADOWS OF THE MOUNTAINS AND  
VALLEYS **ON THE SURFACE**  
OF THE MOON?



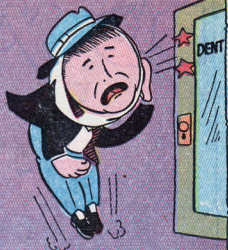
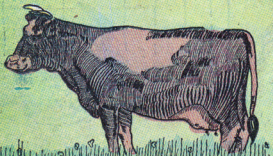
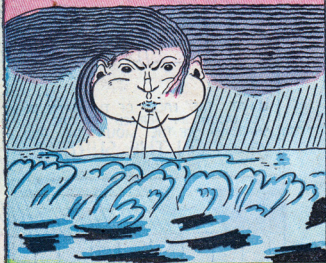
THAT A DOG GETS ITS FULL  
SET OF TEETH WHEN IT IS..  
**ONE MONTH OLD!**

THAT A PENGUIN IS CONSIDERED A  
MEMBER OF THE BIRD FAMILY  
AND INHABITS THE SOUTH POLE?

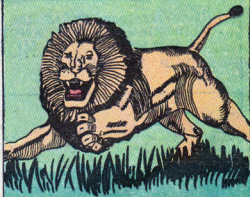
STAGE DOOR



THAT THE WIND CAUSES THE  
WAVES ON THE OCEAN?



THAT IT IS UNIVERSALLY HELD  
TOOTH DECAY STARTS AT  
THE SURFACE OF A TOOTH  
AND PROCEEDS INWARD?



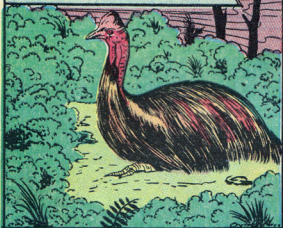
THAT THE LION IS THE  
LARGEST MEMBER OF  
THE CAT FAMILY?

THAT THE COW HAS FOUR  
STOMACHS. THE FOURTH  
ONE, CALLED THE ABOMASUM,  
IS USED FOR DIGESTION?

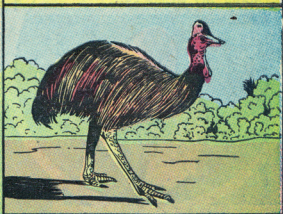


# UNUSUAL ANIMALS

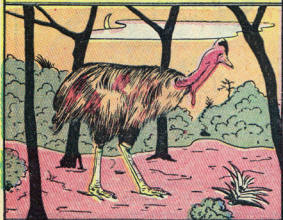
ALTHOUGH I AM A BIRD,  
I CANNOT FLY ---



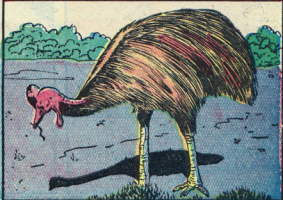
I LIVE IN THE SPARSLY SETTLED  
REGIONS OF THE EAST INDIAN  
ARCHIPELAGO AND AUSTRALIA ---



MY CURIOUSLY SHAPED, FLAT  
FEATHERS LOOK VERY MUCH LIKE  
LONG HAIRED FUR ---

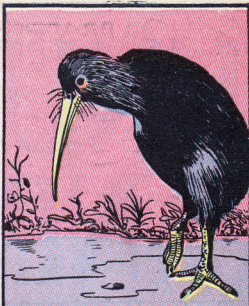


I FEED ON WORMS AND INSECTS.  
--- MY NOCTURNAL, RETIRING  
HABITS HAVE PROBABLY SAVED  
ME FROM EXTINCTION ---



BROWNER

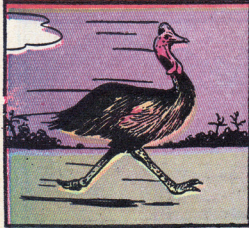
MY TOUGH AND FLEXIBLE SKIN IS HIGHLY VALUED BY THE NATIVES, WHO ALSO USE MY SHARP CLAWS TO MAKE ARROW HEADS--



THE LARGE,  
HARD, HORN-LIKE COMB  
PROTECTS MY HEAD FROM  
THE UNDERBRUSH WHERE I  
MAKE MY HOME ---



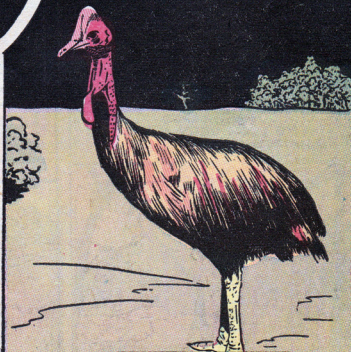
I AM DIFFICULT TO CAPTURE  
BECAUSE MY POWERFUL LEGS  
CAN CARRY ME AT VERY CON-  
SIDERABLE SPEED ---



ONE OF MY CLOSEST RELATIVES IS  
THE AUSTRALIAN *APTERYX*  
OR *KIWI-KIWI*.

ALTHOUGH THE FEMALE OF  
MY SPECIES IS LARGER THAN  
THE MALE, OUR COLORING IS  
EQUALLY BRILLIANT.

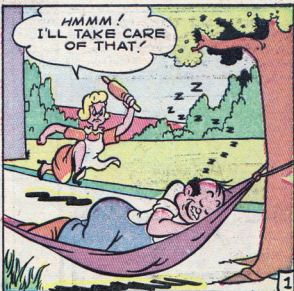
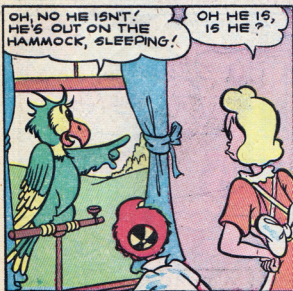
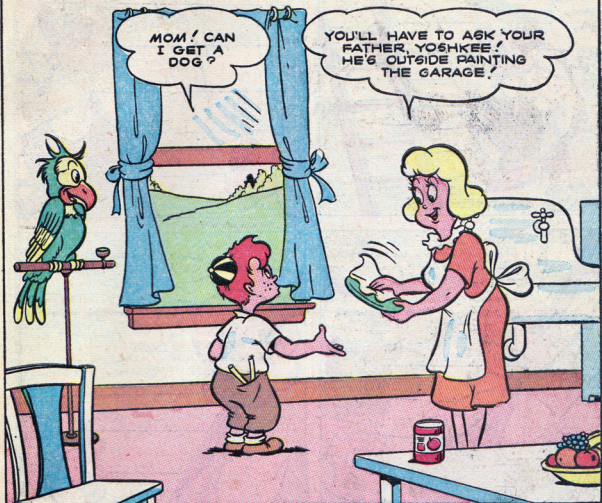
WHO AM I ?

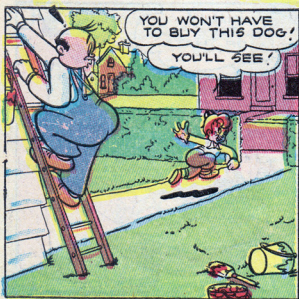
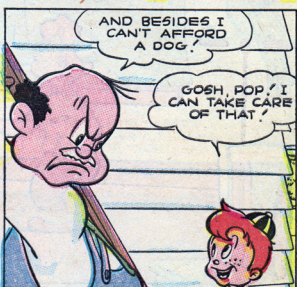
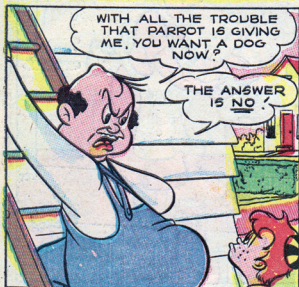
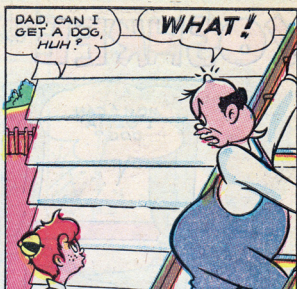


CASSOWARY.

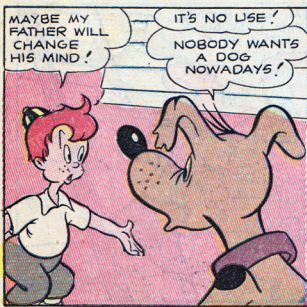
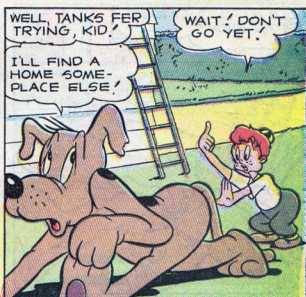
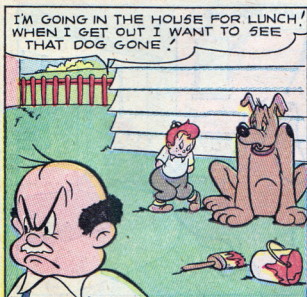
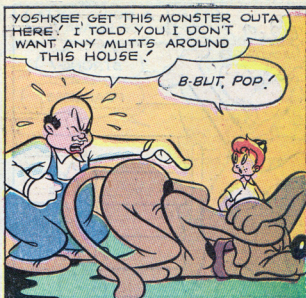
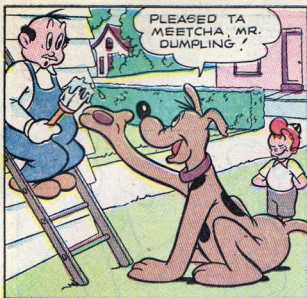


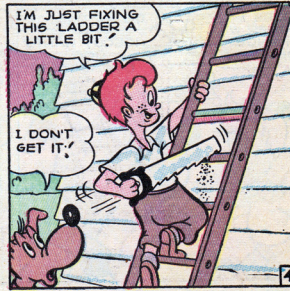
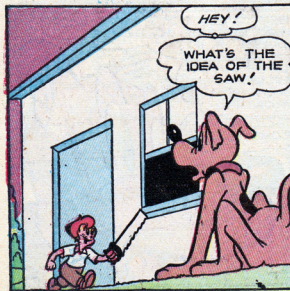
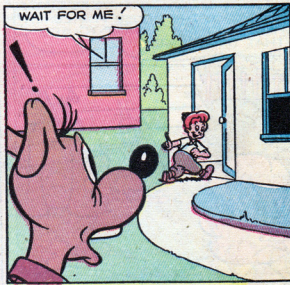
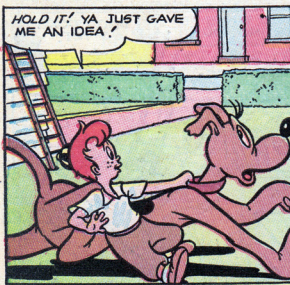
# YOSHKEE and SNIFFER



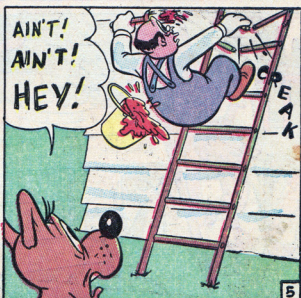
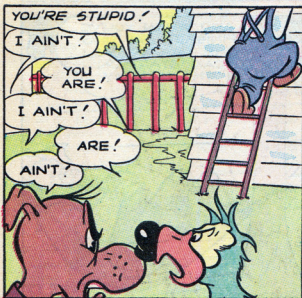
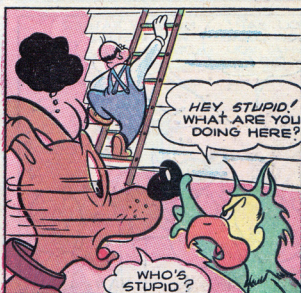
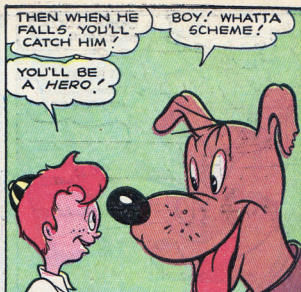
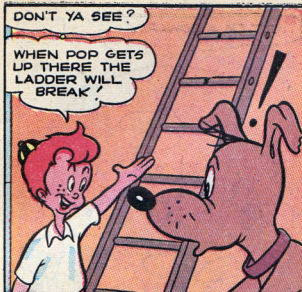


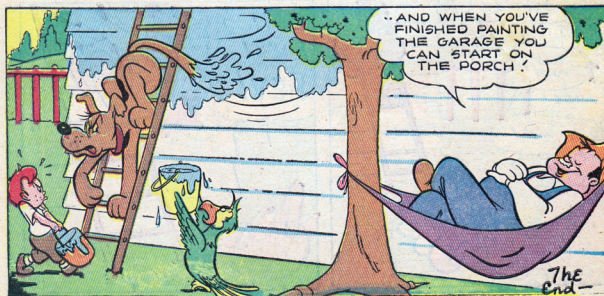
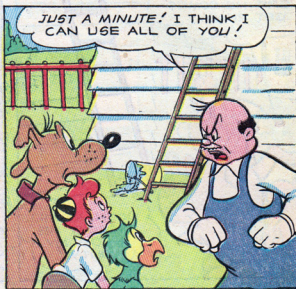
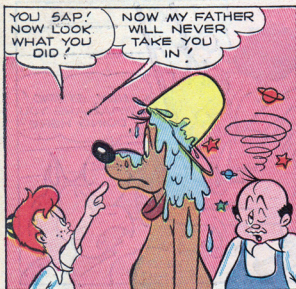
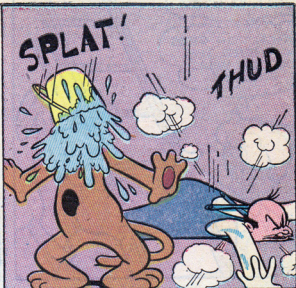
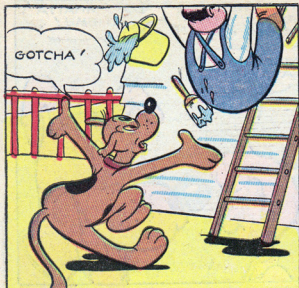














"I don't know, mister," said Billy, "It's a family heirloom and—how much will you pay for it?"

"I'll give you \$100."

"What? One hundred dollars?"

"That's right."

"If you've got the cash, you've bought yourself a clock."

Mr. Fredericks reached inside his pocket for his wallet and said, "Sure I have the cash. Now let me see where did I put that wallet. It must be someplace."

He looked all through the pockets of his coat and suit and came up with nothing. Billy thought there was something wrong and said, "Okay, mister, you've had your joke. Now let me pass."

Mr. Fredericks was getting worried. He wanted that clock more than he wanted anything in the world.

"I tell you I've got the money. How about coming with me to my house? It's just down the street. You won't be sorry. Tell you what, I'll make it one hundred and ten dollars if you'll come with me."

Billy looked at Tommy, then at the clock and finally at Mr. Fredericks and he shrugged his shoulders. "Okay, what have I got to lose except some time and energy. We'll go with you."

\* \* \*

Back at his office, Mr. Carter was putting on his hat.

"I won't be back today, Miss Cartwright. I think I'll walk over to Frederick's house and try once more to see the old codger. Just in case, I'll take these plans I had drawn up for his project along with me. Never can tell, you know."

Mr. Carter left his office and started walking down Main Street in the direction of Mr. Fredericks' house. As he walked he thought of various ways to speak to him. He was quite a sight as he walked along the street mumbling and shaking his head, pointing his finger and such. Soon he found himself at the Fredericks house and he started through the gate and up the path when he heard voices on the porch. He looked up and saw Mr. Fredericks and by jove, there was his son Billy.

"Billy," he called out as he walked faster, "what are you doing here?"

Billy, Tommy and Mr. Fredericks spun around.

Billy looked at the porch steps, not daring to look at his father's face which was now very close to his own.

"Hello, Dad. I was just—well, you know that

old clock in the attic, the one which we haven't used for years and years? I was just going to sell it to Mr. Fredericks here for one hundred and ten dollars. You see I needed some money for the dance and I thought I'd keep ten dollars for myself and give you the rest. We don't need the clock, anyway." At the last he hopefully looked up into his father's face.

Mr. Carter did a hurried bit of thinking and then turned to Mr. Fredericks and said, "Mr. Fredericks, my name is Carter of the Carter Construction Company."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Carter."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Fredericks. That clock has been in our family for a number of years and I couldn't think of parting with it, especially to a man who is abrupt and who will not listen to a legitimate business offer. You see, I have a sentimental feeling about this clock and though I might part with it, it would only be to a man who I thought deserved to get it."

"Now, now, Mr. Carter, let's not be hasty you know. Ha-ha. Maybe we can talk this little matter over. By the way I see you have some plans under your arm. Are they in relation to my project?"

"Yes, they are."

"Well, don't just stand there, show them to me."

"Surely, Mr. Fredericks. Now, I want you to look at this and particularly this, and then I want you to see the estimate of building this, etc. etc."

Billy and Tommy just stood by, Billy still holding the clock in his hands. He was kind of scared. Now he'd never get the money for the dance.

Mr. Carter, I've seen enough to convince me that you're the man for the job. If you'll come back to my office with me we'll sign the contract."

"Why, thank you Mr. Fredericks. And to show my appreciation I want you to accept this clock as a gift. Billy, give Mr. Fredericks the clock."

Billy handed the clock to Mr. Fredericks, reluctantly.

"And as for you young man," his father continued sternly, "you know what I'm going to do?"

"No sir."

His father's voice softened, "I'm going to give you the money you need for the dance. In fact, here's fifteen dollars instead of the ten you needed."

Billy was amazed. "Gee thanks, Dad. Tommy what do you think of this?"

"Well, all I can say is, 'time takes care of everything'."

*By Tony Wilson*

